

THE MESSAGE FROM BLEAKER

It Led to Results in a Love Affair.

By ALICE C. DERBY.

The night operator at Bleaker's Lift had been crying. Job Daly, the tactful old truckwalker, saw that with half an eye—which was all he ever directed toward the sex—when he came in for the coal scuttle that evening. Taxing his imagination for a cause, Job surmised that Rhoda wept because her father was laid up again with his crippled back, a memento of the last landslide, which he had defied in order to tick off a warning to others. As a matter of fact the girl's tears were not filial ones, but pertained to the discovery that the young engineer of No. 7 was no ordinary sweat-of-the-brow-running man, but a chap of very different caliber—in short, a son of the first vice president, with a penchant for practical knowledge concerning his father's road.

True, Dave maintained that a man is not accountable for his father and had blustered reassuringly when Rhoda worried out of him the admission that his sire had shown a tendency to a hot box when told of their matrimonial plans.

"Dad needn't be so doggedly critical," grumbled Dave, blissfully depositing a cinder smudge near Rhoda's pink mouth. "He's self made, every inch of him; began at rock bottom forty years ago. He's often told me that I'm named for an old 'buddy' of his—some one he thought the world of and would give a lot to find."

Notwithstanding the vice president's magnanimity toward the memory of a layman "buddy," Rhoda felt that her humble self as a daughter-in-law should not be wantonly thrust upon him, particularly since Dave confessed light heartedly that the act might bind him to an engineer's life in dead earnest. She was a girl with a conscience, and that unfeeling mentor represented that she ought not to wreck her lover's career. Therefore Rhoda was digging a little heart grave that night at Bleaker's Lift and trying to shovel big Dave into it.

Old Job in his worldless sympathy had filled up her coal stove so solicitously at 10 o'clock and again at 11 that Rhoda was driven to the open door for a breath of the keen mountain air of late November. The black night showed only a few sickly stars above the tall pines and Job Daly's lantern swinging along the winding path toward his own shanty. Suddenly this one friendly twinkling amid the darkness lurched sideways and went out. "Job," called Rhoda concernedly—"Job, did you fall?"

There was no answer, and the girl turned resolutely within the office. She had lighted another lantern and was reaching for a wrap when unusual sounds made her wheel quickly. Five burly, evil looking men blocked the doorway.

Rhoda stepped across to the table, her eyes seeking the old fashioned photograph hanging above it as one might appeal to a crucifix. It was the likeness of her father, whom she idolized, and she was taking counsel of him now and also thanking God that it was she on duty that night instead of him. Then she coolly faced the intruders, her back to the table and one hand creeping out stealthily behind her.

"Drop that, curse you!" snarled one of the men. "You'll finger that ticker when I tell you to and not before. See?"

"Now you'll wire the old man at Ramford," the fellow commanded, leveling a stifling barrel at her head. "That there's a rock or a tree—make it a tree—on the track, and the express I'll have to take the siding. Tell 'em the old guy is hurt and they'll have to throw the switch themselves." He lowered his voice, speaking to the others, "That'll give us time to fix the engineer and get aboard."

His accomplices nodded. "Now hump yourself, girl. This man, Telegraph Bill, is next to the dot and dash lingo, so you can't fool us, and you'll do the job up proper or I'll be all day with you." A metallic click emphasized the threat.

Rhoda glanced slowly at the circle of dark, sinister faces. Coming last to Telegraph Bill, she saw that the man was listening intently to a message passing over the wire, and she knew the leader had spoken truly. They were not to be fooled. An ashen pallor overspread her face. She reached hesitatingly for the key. Her fingers stiffened on it unwillingly, and jerkily the instrument began to tick. At the first sound Telegraph Bill looked up, and their eyes held each other for an instant, then the man's brow contracted doggedly, and he looked down. Even a train robber may not relish seeing a loyal bedridden woman compelled to betray her post.

Tick, tick, tick, sped the message, while Rhoda gazed fascinatedly at the one man who understood it. When she had finished their eyes met again, but his spoke only a bold admiration before which Rhoda's lashes sank.

SHE GOT WHAT SHE WANTED

This Woman Had to Insist Strongly, but it Paid



Chicago, Ill.—"I suffered from a female weakness and stomach trouble, and I went to get a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, but the clerk did not want to let me have it—he said it was no good and wanted me to try something else, but knowing all about it I insisted and finally got it, and I am so glad I did, for it has cured me."

"I know of so many cases where women have been cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that I can say to every suffering woman that this medicine does not help her, there is nothing that will."—Mrs. JANETZKI, 2963 Arch St., Chicago, Ill.

This is the age of substitution, and women who want a cure should insist upon Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound just as this woman did, and not accept something else on which the druggist can make a little more profit.

Women who are passing through this critical period or who are, suffering from any of those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should not lose sight of the fact that for thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills. In almost every community you will find women who have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

a broken drawhead, which fate, in the person of Job Daly, had cast into a corner that afternoon. Blood gushed from two wounds, and he lay white and motionless where he had fallen. In Rhoda's ears was a running reverberation. She thought it was her own heart till the deck lights of a freight whizzed past, and then she knew why the report of her shot had not brought the other men back. She crouched in her chair, hiding her eyes from that rigid white faced object with its oozing blood. The wondrous companionship of the sounder was gone, and the mournful sighing of the pine trees without seemed a ghostly requiem for slain hope.

After many hours, she thought, there came a locomotive's sharp cry, waking the mountain echoes; then the nearer rolling thunder of a train. She heard the brake shoes grind upon the wheels, and then oblivion folded her, unperceived by the hubbub of shouts and firing which followed.

What she knew next was that Dave bent over her, pressing her drooping head against the breast of his sooty coat. The room was full of men, some of them bound and gagged. Among these latter was Job, for once more silent than even he enjoyed, though he spoke no word when some one loosed him.

A stately old gentleman emerged from the background and, crossing over, twitched the engineer's sleeve. The young man lifted his eyes, a tender, adoring light still filling them. "Father?" he exclaimed. "What in the name of all?"

The old gentleman smiled quizzically. "I had a fancy to see how you ran an engine, Dave, and I got right into it. Hey, boy?"

At that moment a commotion arose from the ruffian in the corner. Raising himself on one elbow, he stared stupidly about, then lifted a vindictive fist and shook it at Rhoda. "You young Jezebel, you," he roared painfully, "to serve me like this after I'd saved you from the gang. They'd have slung you a through ticket if I'd blown your message, and you know it, too, you—you-bully little devil hen! I was going to help you make a sneak if you hadn't plugged me, but—"

A groan and a collapse ended the sentence.

Rhoda sprang forward, remorsefully wringing her hands. Dave's gaze went with her devouringly.

The vice president looked from one to the other. Then he adjusted his eyeglasses and picked up the yellow telegram slip which the division superintendent had just laid down. He read:

"Danger at H. Robbers waiting for train No. 7. Don't stop, for God's sake!"

The official smiled again, this time a little uncertainly. Edging closer to his son, he laid a gentle hand upon his shoulder.

"Lad," he said reproachfully, pointing to the little old photograph above the table, "why didn't you tell me long ago that she was Dave Brody's girl? Surely you knew that he was my old buddy?"

True eloquence, indeed, does not consist in speech. It cannot be brought from far. Labor and learning may toll for it, but they will toll in vain. Words and phrases may be marshaled in every way, but they cannot compass it. It must consist in the man, in the subject and in the occasion. Affected passion, intense expression, the pomp of declamation, all may inspire to it. They cannot reach it. It comes, if it comes at all, like the outbreaking of a fountain from the earth or the bursting forth of volcanic fires with spontaneous, original, native force.—Webster.

Just Once. "But Griggs thinks you are his best friend. If you lure him into making this hopeless investment he surely will never have anything more to do with you."

"That's all right. I've never expected to use him more than once."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

DEATH LIST IS SEVENTEEN

Boiler Explodes on River Packet at Memphis

THE ENGINEER CANNOT LIVE

Steam Gauge Stood at 145 Just Before the Explosion—Limit Provided by Government Was 144—Investigation Is to Follow.

Memphis, June 25.—The number of deaths resulting from the explosion on the river packet, City of St. Joseph Saturday was swelled to 17 yesterday. Two more may die. In accounting for the crew, it was found that eight instead of six negroes, lost their lives. Of these five were drowned and three scalded to death. Nine more died of injuries.

Engineer Floyd Morgan, who is so severely scalded that hopes for his recovery have been abandoned, said yesterday that just before the boiler exploded, the steam gauge stood at 145. It is said 144 is the limit provided by the government. A federal investigation is expected.

TWO GIRLS BURN IN NANTUCKET BOATHOUSE

Party Trapped in a Shelter Aflame from a Cigarette—Some Jump Overboard.

Nantucket, R. I., June 26.—Thomas Kerr of New York and Thurlow Weed Barnes, 24, of Albany, N. Y., are still in a critical condition as a result of the burns they sustained in the fire that destroyed the boat house of young Barnes' father, William Barnes, jr., of Albany, Saturday night, but there was reason for hope last night the number of victims of the fire would not be more than three. Miss Helen Wilson of New York, and Miss Mildred De Haven, of Brooklyn, both socially prominent, were burned to death, and Ulysses Pahud, butler and valet of the Barnes family, succumbed late Saturday night to his injuries. These were due largely to his vain efforts to save the young women.

The condition of Kerr is regarded as more serious than that of Barnes, but the physicians believe he has an even chance for recovery, though his arms, chest and head are terribly burned. Young Barnes is likely to recover. He is severely burned about the arms and legs and is suffering from the results of inhaling flame and smoke.

The accident happened among a number of the younger set of the summer colonists here, whom young Barnes had invited to the boat house to a house party. His parents reached here from Albany yesterday.

Both Kerr and Barnes received their burns in an attempt to rescue Miss De Haven and Miss Wilson.

Late yesterday, the parents of the two girls left for New York with the bodies.

Miss Ruth Wilson and Harry Wilson, brother and sister of Miss Helen Wilson, and Miss Phoebe Judkins, who escaped from the burning boat house by jumping from the windows into the water, were said yesterday, to be prostrated by the mental shock of the accident. Miss Tanner of Buffalo, who sustained minor burns was resting as comfortably as possible the physician said. When Pahud, the 21-year-old valet of the Barnes family, died just before midnight Saturday night, after great suffering it was with words of regret that his great efforts to save the young women were unsuccessful.

It is generally agreed that the fire was started by a cigarette stub or a match, thrown on an oil mop, or swab.

MUCH TOO BUSY TO WED.

Bride-to-Be Tells Cobb to Go Ahead with Rush Work and She'll Wait.

Brockton, Mass., June 26.—When Charles A. Cobb, a Middleboro furniture mover, telephoned Saturday night to Mrs. Henrietta Jacobs, whom he was yesterday to marry, that he had a rush of business on hand, she told him to finish it and then come to her and the wedding would take place.

Cobb had secured a chance to move a Middleboro family's effects to Fall River. He expected to be back in time to meet his bride, but his new auto attracted so much attention that he was offered jobs all along the way.

After reaching Fall River he moved another family to Providence. On his return he had an offer to move another Fall River family to Middleboro. It was at this time that he telephoned his bride and she told him to keep busy.

"We will be married Monday, probably," said Mrs. Jacobs yesterday. "It isn't as though we were a couple of kids. Mr. Cobb would be foolish not to do the work when he has the chance."

Farmers, mechanics, railroaders, laborers rely on Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Takes sting out of cuts, burns, or bruises at once. Pain cannot stay where it is used.

Moxie Is The Best Drink For You In Hot Weather

In Woman's Realm.

Keep several small pieces of sandpaper in a handy place in the kitchen. It beats sandpaper for cleaning dishes where food has burned on and is excellent for putting an edge on the kitchen knives.

The skin of a boiled egg is the most efficacious remedy that can be applied to a boil. Peel it carefully, wet and apply to the part affected. It will draw off the matter and relieve the soreness in a few hours.

Many persons iron towels, fold them and put them away before they are thoroughly dry. This is an error, and sometimes leads to results not expected. In their damp condition there is a mold which forms on them called odium, one variety of which causes numerous skin diseases.

To clean preserve and pickle jars, throw into the jar a good handful of washing soda and fill up with boiling water; cover and let it stand for an hour or so. Then wash in the soda water, scald and rinse in two boiling waters and wipe dry. If any odor remains, repeat the process. To clean bottles, put a dozen large tacks in with strong soda water, shake well and everything adhering to the inside of the bottle will immediately disappear.

Sometimes through much handling, the corners of one's sofa pillow covers begin to show earmarks of wear, where as the rest of the cover is in excellent condition. The way one clever woman overcame this difficulty was to take off the cover and round the corners, says the New Haven Palladium. This in no way destroys the appearance of the cover and the most suspecting would not guess as to the cause of the rounded corners. In removing a cover, if one is fearful that it is one that will not launder, try washing it in gasoline. It is astonishing what a transformation is often wrought in this way.

Cookie Recipes. Every home in which there are children is equipped with a cookie jar, from the depths of which tiny fingers draw the goodies that delight their hearts and appetites. If the truth were told the cookie jar is about as great a favorite with the grownups as with the children, and many a table holds cookies as an adjunct of the breakfast cup of coffee. Some favorite recipes are:

Ginger cookies—Mix together a half-cup of lard. Dissolve a teaspoonful of soda in a tablespoonful of boiling water, stir it into one cup of molasses and turn it over the butter and lard. Add one teaspoonful of cinnamon and one tablespoonful of ginger and mix well. Dissolve one cup of brown sugar in a cup of strong boiling coffee and pour into the mixture. Add enough flour to make a soft dough, roll rather thick, cut in the desired shape and bake in a quick oven about fifteen minutes.

Oat Meal cookies—Cream one cup of melted butter with two cups of sugar and add two eggs. Dissolve one teaspoonful of soda in half a cupful of boiling water and pour it over the butter, eggs and sugar. Add four cups of rolled oats and one cup of seeds or raisins, then make into a dough with two cups of flour. Bake in a quick oven. These will be better after they have stood a day or two.

Plain cookies—Beat a half cup of butter and one cup of sugar to a cream. Beat two eggs light, then add to the butter and sugar. Put in the mixture a half pint of milk, a half of

a nutmeg grated, one teaspoonful of baking powder and enough flour to make a soft dough. Roll thick or thin, as desired, bake in a moderate oven until a light brown.

When the dough is ready, it is always safer to try baking one cookie. Be careful not to get the dough too stiff, as it makes the cookies tough and tasteless. It is better to use flour sparingly and try baking one cake, then if the dough is not stiff enough, more flour can be added.

Dorothy Dexter.

The Meanest Man.

Two strangers met at one of the small tables in a dining car. They found a common bond in the effort to secure something to eat, and by the time the coffee came they were on friendly terms.

"I wonder if you will do me a favor?" said the first one, as he paid his bill. The other man seemed receptive, and the first one continued: "Have you a lower berth for to-night?" The man across the table nodded. "Well, I am traveling with my mother, who is rather along in life, and I am anxious

to make her comfortable. Would you be willing to give her your berth?"

"I should be delighted," responded the stranger. They went back to the sleeper, where the accommodating man was presented to the other's mother, a white-haired old lady with a charming face. The Good Samaritan had exchanged his lower berth for the upper, belonging to the old lady, and was radiating with a sense of kindness. It led him to remark affably to the other man, "But where are you going to sleep?"

"Oh, that's all right," was the answer, "that's my lower berth over there."—Mack's National Monthly.

This Police Chief Applies "Golden Rule" to Evil-doers.

"What do you think of a chief of police who loves Emerson, reads Walt Whitman, and believes in the Christ idea as a good working proposition every day in the week?" asks George Creel in the American Magazine for July. "Well, that's Perry Knapp, of Toledo, Ohio, and prominent above all else in traveling with my mother, who is rather along in life, and I am anxious

That's the Knapp idea! He doesn't divide humanity into 'good' and 'bad' classes, nor does he believe that justice is best served by malignant and relentless pursuit of every offender against some law. Instead of considering himself as a millstone for the grinding of human grist, he acts as a man dealing with men. While convinced that society needs protection against wrongdoers, he rejects the usual theory that society must be revenged on wrongdoers.

"Golden Rule" Jones took clubs away from the policeman, and gave them to the criminal. When Perry Knapp was promoted to be chief, he banished the canes, so that the Toledo bluecoats really express the majesty of the law, not a mere threat of violence.

"Of course, there are those who believe that vice and crime must be dealt with by force, and that the slightest gentleness will encourage wrongdoing. As an answer to these, the percentage of crime is less in Toledo than any other city of its size in the country. And many a chief of police, scratching his head in perplexed fashion, has wondered why Perry Knapp has 'so little trouble.'"

Mark Down Sale

Because of the general slackness in business and an oversupply of goods, we have cut the prices on the following goods. Come in and see them:

Dress Shirts, were 50c, now	-	-	-	39c
Working Shirts, were 50c, now	-	-	-	39c
Balbriggan Shirts, were 50c, now	-	-	-	38c
Balbriggan Shirts, were 25c, now	-	-	-	19c
Dress Shirts, were \$1.25 and 1.50, now	-	-	-	89c
Neckwear, were 25c, now	-	-	-	19c
Bow Ties, were 25c, to close,	-	-	-	8c
Men's Stockings, were 2 pair for 25c, now 3 pair for	-	-	-	25c
Another style Men's Stockings, black and brown, were 4 pair for 25c, now 6 pairs for	-	-	-	25c
Men's Gray Socks, were 3 pair for 25c now 4 pair for	-	-	-	25c
Men's Working Trousers, cotton, were \$1.25, now	-	-	-	98c
Overalls, blue, were 85c, now	-	-	-	75c
Overalls, heavy brown, were 85c, now	-	-	-	75c
Overalls, blue, double knee, were 75c, now	-	-	-	70c

American Clothing Co.,

255 No. Main St., A. Tomasi Block